Amelia B Haden
Nantucket.
Mass

SPRING.

P. Maverick, Durand & Co.

Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading ash.

line 448.

ALBUM

FLORA attired by the ELEMENTS.

O there are
Feelings that
× × × ×
Of time wh
A darkening
To which yo
In after life

As
Pe
Wh
Ba
'Tis
Bu
Ca
In
'Tis
Wh
Wil
A

Recollections.

O there are hours, aye, moments that contain
Feelings that years may pass and never bring;
x x x x x x x as if the wing
Of time while passing o'er had power to fling
A darkening shade, or tint of happier hue,
To which fond memory faithfully should cling
In after life. —

Barton.

Friendship.

Is he my friend who tells me so,
Perhaps some private end to gain?
Whose heart, just like a gem of snow,
But sparkles in its frosty reign!
'Tis he who makes no loud pretence,
But like the silent dews of heav'n,
Can blessings all unask'd dispense,
In noiseless acts of kindness giv'n.
'Tis he, who through life's chequer'd ways,
When sun bright scenes, or clouds appear,
With warm affection still displays
A heart unchang'd, — a soul sincere.

Bliss.

A glittering volume may cover
A story of sorrow and wo;
And mighty gayest meteors may hover,
Where dangers lie lurking below;
Thus oft in the sunshine of gladness
The cheek and the eye may be drest,
Whilst the clouds of dejection and sadness
In secret o'ershadow the breast.

E. P.

may hover,
below;
gladness
y be drest,
and sadness
ast.
L.

Unclouded Hours.

Oh do not suppose that my hours
Are always unclouded and gay;
Or that thorns never mix with the flowers
That fortune has strewed in my way:
When seen by the cold and unfeeling
We smile through the sorrows we feel;
But smiles are deceitfull — concealing
The wounds which they never can heal.

Our moments of mirth may be many,
And hope half our sorrows beguile,
But, believe me, there cannot be any
Whose features wear ever a smile.
The heart may be sad and repining,
Though cheerfulness brightens the scene
As a goblet with gems may be shining
Though bitter the potion within.

Fei
To

Geo
To

*
Cyth
The

May still
May she
Unchan

Aug 2..

To Amelia,

"Softness & sweetest Innocence
Here shed their gentle influence;
Fair Modesty comes in their train,
To grace her sister virtue's reign,
Then to give spirit taste & ease,
The sovereign art, the art to Please;
Good-humor'd wit, & fancy gay,
To-morrow cheerful as to-day.
The Sunshine of a mind serene,
Where all is peace within, and seen.

x x x x x x x x x x x x

What can the grateful Muse ask more?
The Gods have lavish'd all their store.
Amelia shines their darling care;
Still keep her, Heaven, from every snare:
May still unspotted be her fame,
May she remain thro' life the same
Unchang'd in all — except in name."

Aug 2.. 1832.

This little
of Frind
or. For if
all the
insuffice
Yet, on
adversity
pleasure
continuati
frequent in
be protrac
May you
Gabriels
Creatd m
Almighty
felicity w
with Con

Newyor

"The Album"

This little book, when every page is hallowed by the Sacred name of Friendship must be a great source of Satisfaction to its possessor. For if the clouds of adversity should lower around her, and all the Smiles of nature, in her gayest Season, should prove insufficient to awaken the wonted cheerfulness of her disposition. Yet, on referring to these pages, they will cause, the Shades which adversity had gathered to be dispelled, and the Sunshine of pleasure again to beam on her features. May your life be a long continuation of happiness without any of those rude Storms (So frequent in human life) to ruffle its calm Serenity, until it shall be protracted beyond the usual period of human existance. May you then sink to gentle Slumbers till the last Sound of Gabriels trumpe shall be the Summons for the Whole mass of Created matter to dissolve into Chaos, from which it was by the Almightys word Created, and then, ascend to enjoy that felicity which is the Sure reward of those who act in unison with Conscience through life.

Your Brother

New York August 11th 1832 J. S. A

To Amelia

"I love to see the blushing cheek
Of gay and joyous youth -
Its rapturous tale too quiet to speak
Its innocence and truth.
I grieve to think a blight may fall
Upon the lovely flower
Its dewy perfumed leaves may all
Be scattered in an hour
My heart unbidden heaves a sigh
And breathes a silent prayer
That storms may gently pass it by
And time its glories spare."

Jane Ustopp Ed Jrom

To Amelia

"Thy sparkling eyes, thy long fair hair,
And the wan hue of thy features — caught
"From contemplation — where serenely wrought,
Seems sorrow's softness charmed from its despair —
"Have thrown such speaking sadness in thine air,
"That — but I know thy blessed bosom fraught,
With mines of unalloyed and stainless thought,
I should have deemed thee doomed to earthly care.
With such an aspect, by his colours bent,
When from his beauty-breathing pencil born,
(Except that thou hast nothing to repent)
"The Magdalen of Guido saw the morn,
Such seemest thou — but how much more excellent,
With nought remorse can claim — nor virtue scorn.

Harriet C Parkhe

She lead do
Lay within
Stood on its
Shining upo
O'The western
The veil ros
Glittering ab
That ~~[illegible]~~
Her beauty
Flashed fro
Into one str

"There are
comprise
roses are

"The Last Tear

She had done weeping, but her eyelash yet
Lay silken heavy on her lilied cheek,
And on its fringe a tear, like a lone star
Shining upon the rich and hyacinth skirts
O' the western cloud that veils the April Even;
The veil rose up, and with it rose the star
Glittering above the gleam of tender blue
That ~~[illegible]~~ widened as the shower clears from heaven
Her beauty woke, — a sudden beam of soul
Flashed from her eye and lit the vestal's cheek
Into one crimson, and exhaled the tear"

"There are some moments in existence which comprise the power of years, as thousands of roses are compressed into one drop of their essence;

The fount
And the
The winds
With a sw
Nothing
All thin
In one a
Why not S
See high
And the
No leaf on
If it divide
And the
And the se

Loves Philosophy

The fountains mingle with the river
And the rivers with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix forever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single,
All things, by a law divine
In one another's being mingle
Why not I with thine?
See high mountains kiss the heavens
And the waves clasp one another!
No leaf on flower wouldst be forgiven,
If it disdained to kiss its brother
And the moonbeams kiss the earth
And the sunlight clasp the sea.

"Ar of

Ar cu

Ar In

But. th

Ar Sw

His ey

Ar wa

But s

Ar ly

And

Ar

A. Sh

WJR Aug

He never said he loved

"He oft hath said that I was fair
As lily or as rose;
He cull'd for me in Summer time
The Sweetest flower that blows.
He twined with care the virgin wreaths
And Smiled if I approved
But though he cast them at my feet
He never said he loved.

He seemed to feel when at my side
The raptures of delight;
His eyes were lit with joyousness,
When mine were glad and bright.
He watched me in the festive hall
He trembled if I moved;
But softly through his whispers fell
He never said he loved.

He left his home for Sunny climes,
Full many years had passed;
And the hopes that fann'd my spirit flame,
Had faded all at last.
He came: the wreath of other lands
Had crowned him as he roved;
A Star was shining on his breast
And then he said he loved."

NYR Augt. 13th 32

The greatest pang seperation inflicts is the fear of being forgotten; when time shall interpose its potent spell, and absence outstrip memory

Nantucket April 12
1835

"To Amelia"

While time's ever moving finger,
Points us to the parting hour,
Yet one moment would we linger,
And indulge fond memory's power.
Swiftly have the moments hasted,
Since the day when first we met,
But the pleasures we have tasted,
Long shall be remembered yet.
Pleasant is the recollection
Of those hours to friendship given;
Yet how solemn the reflection,
They shall be renewed in heaven.
O may He whose kind protection,
We have shared in seasons past,
Grant that we, by his direction
May be found in heaven at last.
Launched on life's tumultuous ocean,
Where wild waves and billows swell
Ere we part with deep emotion,
We would we speak our last farewell!

Farewell

ects us the
shall
bsence

April 12
1835

"As f
And
And
With

Oh! th
The m
And o
Sung b

Yes "h
Such as
I oft sh
I oftener

But
Perhaps
We'll
that he
Shall

"L
Gw

To my friend Amelia

"As friends we part a full and kind
And warm farewell, my lips bestow
And may the hearts with thine entwined
With thee the choicest blessings know."

Oh! think Amelia of the hours
The many happy hours we've spent
And of the song I once did hear
Sung by you without an accompaniement.

Yes "hours there were" 'tis truly known
Such as I ner again shall see
I oft shall wish that voice and tone
I oftener had seen and known.

But dearest friend we all must part
Perhaps we ner shall meet again
We'll trust to God that power supreme
That he, my friend thats always been
Shall guide untill we meet again.

In great haste Mary
+ Malone
Poetry run mad.

"Don't come here to crack your jokes,"
God bless your soul & body Mr, Stokes!
dont be so mad.

SUMMER

P. Mavrich, Durand & Co.

But when her Damon's well known hand she saw
Her terrors vanish'd.

line 1352

I saw at
The su
Its powe
And
I saw a
The w
And tho
Those
I look'd
Had
And th
Be
So, whe
Fa
And th
Twi

The Withered Rose.

I saw at eve a withered rose—
The sun's warm ray had curl'd it;
Its powerless leaves it could not close,
And dewy tears impearl'd it.

I saw a moon-beam gently rest—
The withered flower it lightenid;
And though it could not dry its breast,
Those crystal drops it brightened.

I look'd again—that moon-beam fair,
Had gilded o'er its weeping,
And that sweet flower calmly there
Beneath its rays was sleeping.

So, when misfortune's night blast seals,
Fair friendship's smile we borrow;
And though it cannot dry our tears,
Twill chase the gloom of sorrow.

I seem to jo
For joy a
The suns ra
Some bu
Mine is a
Devoid
But can
If while
The thoughtle
Such gr
Then why?
And d
I would not
They a
And thin
I grieve
Oh! there is
That, loo
Earth's only
Our ove
Life's current
To other
And if wh
I must g

I seem to joy but 'tis not true,
For joy may not be mine —
The suns rays fairest glow; when thro'
Some bursting cloud they shine.
Mine is a spirit that would seem
Devoid of heartless guile;
But can the world me recreant deem
If, while I grieve, I smile?
The thoughtless world — they cannot know
Such griefs as pierce this heart —
Then why? ah! why reveal the woe,
And deeper press the dart?
I would not wound the hearts I love,
They do my woes beguile —
And think I sin not if I prove
I grieve, altho' I smile.
Oh! there is comfort in the tho',
That, locked in one's own breast,
Earth's only secret — holy spot —
Our woes untold may rest!
Life's current may unruffled roll
To others gaze the while,
And if what was, now wrings the soul
I must grieve altho' I smile.

Florizel —

In the
the arou
If thy eye
"Look a lo
If the frie
"With a sm
Should betra
"Look aloft
Should the
Like the th
Than turn
"Look aloft
Should th
The friend
"Look aloft
To that soil
And oh! w
Thy fears on
In that m
And a smo

Look Aloft,

In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
the around and above, if thy footing should fail—
If thy eye should grow dim and thy caution depart—
"Look aloft" and be firm, and be fearless of heart.
If the friends, who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy and a tear for each wo,
Should betray thee when sorrow like clouds are array'd
"Look aloft" to the friendships which never shall fade.
Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye
Like the tints of the rainbow, brighten to fly,
Than turn, and thro' tears of repentant regret,
"Look aloft" to the sun that is never to set.
Should they who are dearest, the son of thy heart—
The friend of thy bosom, in sorrow depart,
"Look aloft" from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To that soil where "affection is ever in bloom."
And oh! when death comes, in terrors to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
In that moment of darkness with hope in thy heart
And a smile in thine eye "look aloft" and depart.

E.P.L.

"There is bu

What va
In
Some cu
Some try
And

In year
Op
And le
The pre
An

"There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous."

Napoleon

What various fashions in their train,
In female dress bears sway;—
Some cut their garments to adorn—
Some try to hide an ugly form,
And make a mere display.

In years by-gone, the length of trail,
Oft made the rustic laugh.—
And lest the Ladies now should fail,—
The present style of dresses hail,
And shorten to the calf.

Let

And

Tho' many a joy around thee smile,
And many a Faithful Friend you meet,
Where Love may cheer life's dreary way,
And turn the bitter cup to sweet.

Let Memory sometimes, bear thee back
To other days, almost forgot,
And when you think of other Friends
Who love thee well, Forget-Me-Not.

Sambson

And can I wish thee aught
But peace in thy career.
Each length'ning moment fraught
With every thing to cheer.

Edward Smith

Remember Me –

"O bring no chain of rarest worth
Nor coral from the deep sea-cave
Nor gem, long hid within the earth
To shine where now those tresses wave;
A gift more precious far is mine
Than sparkling gem from earth or sea
This treasury of thought – 'tis thine
The boon it asks – Remember Me!"

"I may not here usurp the place
To court the breath of fleeting fame;
Enough for me in after age,
If, in thy Memory dwells my Name:
In after years in distant climes
Whate'er our future fate may be
A spell to call back by-gone times
Still dwelleth here – Remember Me

"Remember Me! How few – how strong –
Those touching words, that little spell;
What thoughts inspire, what visions throng
In mem'ry's varcy's holiest cell!
They tell of many a change to come –
May every change bring joy to thee
In pleasure's light, or sorrow's gloom
In life or woe – Remember Me!"

Sarah –

"Women, when women truly, are much more"
Than women only – to the enthusiast lover,
They are inspiring night genii, and their love
Is of unearthly images, that hover
Like living stars upon a spell bound shore,
That spirits of the dead are watching over –
Their love is the fixed planet that has shone,
And lit the heart when all its other lights are gone.

Brooks

AUTUMN.

P. Maverick Durand & Co.

While pierc'd with anxious thought she pin'd away
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate

line 301

Grace is d

Oh, say not, m
That have
Say not as on
That grac

Is beauty vai
When are
For this shall
And that

And while ope
And ripe
Say not O Ma
That beaut

This willow's limp
The dimpl
Who, that has e
That thee

Grace is deceitful, and beauty vain. — Solomon.

Oh, say not, wisest of all kings
That have risen on Israel's throne to reign!
Say not, as one of your wisest things
That grace is false and beauty vain.

Is beauty vain because it will fade?
Then are earth's green robe and heaven's light vain;
For, this shall be lost in evening's shade,
And that in winter's sleety rain.

And while opening flowers in such beauty spread
And ripening fruits so gracefully swing
Say not, O King, as you just now said,
That beauty or grace is a worthless thing.

This willow's limbs as they bend in the breeze,
The dimpled face of the pool to this
Who, tho' he has eyes and hears, but sees
That there is beauty and grace in this

And do not all these bows all whisper of him
Whose smile is the light that in green them array
Who sitteth, in peace, on the wave they skim
And whose breath is the gentle wind that them sway?

And are not the beauty and grace of youth,
Like those of this willow, life's world of love?
Do they not come like the voice of truth,
That is heard all around here from above?

Then say not, wisest of all the kings
That have risen on Israel's throne to reign!
Say not, as one of your wisest things,
That grace is false, and beauty vain.

B. B. L.

kes of him
them
leers array
s him
them
d that sways?
outh
outh of love?
?
hour above?
ne to reign?
beauty vain.

E Starbuck

Man mig
mysteries of n
with the feeble
steal with no
and woman
palm of scienc
or to "wade thr

Yet revolt
violence to na
lectual energy
be defaced, and
broken up.

Ev
that the sexes
and constructe
destinations by
of the tempes
Seek on the
does not necess
places of the
are indeed acc
or the grasp of
and unapplau
of duty, are not
and their endow
may prove dura

Sycomney

E Harbuck

Extracts from an article of L. H.

Man might be initiated into the varieties and mysteries of needle-work, taught to ~~to~~ have patience with the feebleness and waywardness of infancy, and to steal with noiseless step about the chamber of the sick; and woman might be instructed to contend for the palm of science, to pour forth eloquence in senates, or to "wade through fields of slaughter to a throne."

Yet revoltings of the soul would attend this violence to nature, this abuse of physical and intellectual energy; while the beauty of social order would be defaced, and the fountain of earthly felicity broken up.

We arrive therefore at the conclusion that the sexes are intended for different spheres, and constructed in conformity to their respective destinations by him who bids the oak brave the fury of the tempest, and the Alpine flower lean its cheek on the bosom of eternal snows. But disparity does not necessarily imply inferiority. The high places of the earth, with all their pomp and glory are indeed accessible only to the march of ambition, or the grasp of power; yet those who pass with faithful and unapplauded zeal through their humble round of duty, are not unnoticed by the Great Taskmaster's eye, and their endowments, though accounted poverty among men, may prove durable riches in the Kingdom of Heaven.

Ladies Magazine

Gentlemen who write in Albums are too apt to think that ~~that~~ their prosaic or poetic remarks should seem dictated by the god Cupid; or that, their observations must be clothed with mean flattery, what they themselves do not believe, and what, if the one for whom they had written should believe, they would totally disregard ~~them~~ for their vanity; leaving all that is good, all that is virtuous, all that is heavenly, all that claims a kinded with habitations beyond this ethereal dot, all that would inform the mind, or cultivate the understanding of their friend, to other sources. And now Amelia let me draw your attention to a subject before which all others sink into comparative insignificence, a subject, which will smooth the decline of life, a subject which will impart peace in the most painful moments, one, which will lull the mind to sweet repose amid the storms, the troubles, the vexations of this transitory scene; one, that when your head shall have long reposed in the cold and narrow receplacle of the dead, and when that hale countenance shall be blighted by the lank finger, and the withering touch of the messenger of the charnel house, and that body shall have mouldered to its respective primordia; will place.

the better pa
beyond the
selfish pilgrim

When storms
And adver
When friends
Our sea of
Out-breaks
A beacon
To guide th
From troubl

This fairest, s
This hera
Is but Rel
A crown

Seek, seek
A home
If thou wit
In his c

This star alone will lead
Religion is the

the better part in one eternal series of happiness, beyond the reach, and beyond the control of the selfish pilgrims of time. namely,

Religion.

When storms uprise and tempests lower,
And adverse gales perplex the soul,
When friends are gone, and troubles o'er
Our sea of life vehement roll:

Out-breaks a star, a beauteous star,
A beacon light: tis given
To guide the weary wanderer,
From trouble, home to heaven.

This fairest, sweetest, brightest gem,
This herald of the skies;
Is but Religions diadem,
A crown that angels prize.

Seek, seek thou this, and if thou'lt gain
A home beyond the tomb,
If thou with Jesus wish to reign
In his celestial home.

This star alone will lead ~~thee~~ thee, . The light that guides the traveller
Religion is the road — . To heaven, to peace, to God.

E.R.S.

Detest dis
By gentle
Let duty,
To fix your
Despise cogu
Who meas
And withou
Repeats the
As men
Your well
Be mild a
Your judgem
By aiming
'Tis nothing
Does one d
The best
And is he
As your o
Confess it
What's kn
Attach him
A lively g
Receive his
Affections b
Disdain d
What very

A
Yo
To
Ty

You promised me so
That in my book you
But not a line I've
Which certainly is not

L. B. &c.

Advice to Young Ladies

Detest disguise! remember 'tis your part
By gentle Fondness to retain the heart,
Let duty, virtue, prudence, take the lead,
To fix your choice: but from it never recede;
Despise coquetry; Spurn the shallow Fool
Who measures out dull compliments by rule,
And without meaning, like a chattering Jay:
Repeats the same dull strains throughout the day.
Are men of sense attracted by your face
Your well turned figure, or their compound grace
Be mild and equall, moderately gay,
Your judgement rather than your wit display.
By aiming at good breeding strive to please,
'Tis nothing more than regulated ease.
Does one dear youth among a worthy train,
The best affections of your heart obtain?
And is he reckon'd worthy of your choice?
Is your opinion with the general voice?
Confess it then, nor from him seek to hide,
What's known to any person else beside.
Attach him to you — in a gen'rous mind,
A lively gratitude expect to find;
Receive his vows, and by a kind return,
Affections blaze will ever brighter burn
Disdain duplicity, from pride be free
What every woman should, you then will be.

Matilda —

Amelia after writing this
You surely can't refuse
To favour me with one short piece
If long ones you dont chose

You promised me sometime ago
That in my book you'd write
But not a line I've ever seen
Which certainly's not right

So now you'll please my Album take
And write some lines
For you it easy is to make
Good Poetry or rhymes —

Selected

There is a charm in private talent which from the very nature of the thing, can never be imparted by any public exhibition.

Nicodemus Dr.

Hewitt

Hail, M
Thou age
Thought, an
And Place
Thy pleasu
The only p
Lighter th
If but a fle
If but a beam
By Fancy's
But can the
Snatch the
These, where
Pour round
And gild th
Where Pidue

Memory.

Hail, Memory! hail! In thy exhaustless mine,
From age to age unnumbered treasures shine!
Thought, and her shadowy brood, thy call obey,
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway!
Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone,
The only pleasures we can call our own.
Lighter than air, Hope's summer-visions die,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
If but a beam of sober Reason play,
Lo, Fancy's fairy frostwork melts away
But can the wiles of art, the grasp of power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
These, when trembling spirit wings her flight
Pour round her path a stream of living light
And gild those pure and purified realms of rest,
Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blessed.

Memory

Woman

(by the author of Pelham)

Oh Woman! day star of our doom,
Thy dawn our birth, thy close our tomb;
Or if the mother, or the Bride,
Our fondest friend and surest guide
And yet our folly and our fever
The dream, the meteor, the deceiver;
Still, in spite of sorrow, wisdom, years
And those, Fate's severest warners, tears
Still clings my yearning heart unto thee
Still knows no wish like those which woo thee.

Howitt

D

"Not yet— u

Thr

Not yet— N

I c

Not yet—

A

My hrar

I c

But S

Ta

Death c

"I

Augt. 13. 183

Death and the Youth

"Not yet — the flowers are in my path
The Sun is in my Sky;
Not yet — my heart is full of hope —
I cannot bear to die.

Not yet — I never knew till now
How precious life could be;
My heart is full of love — Oh Death
I cannot come with thee:"

But Love, and Hope, enchanted train
Passed in their falsehood by;
Death came again, and then he said
"I'm ready now to die:"

Augt. 13. 1832 L.E.L.

Selection

Selected

The flower that blooms the brightest
Is oft the first to fade;
The form that moves the lightest
In earth is soonest laid;
The bird that sings the sweetest
First droops away and dies;
And happy hours are fleetest
Beneath the lower skies.

The vow that sealed the strongest
May soonest wear away;
And things may last the longest
Which soonest should decay;
The heart that ne'er knew trouble
Has every thing to learn;
For life is but a bubble
From the cradle to the urn

There is a world of glory
Where pleasure never dies;
Where the youthful and the hoary
With praises rend the skies
Where crystal streams are leaping
O'er the crystal onyx stone;
And where the voice of weeping
Is never, never known.

Then maiden, may you cherish
That pearl of matchless price
Which when your form shall perish
Can buy you Paradise:
Where night's dark shadows never
Fall down upon the plain;
And where the saints forever
With crowns of glory reign

H Kotwal

Total

Aug

I never knew a sprightly fair,
Who was not dear to me.
And freely I my heart could share
With all good girls I see.
It is not this or that alone.
On whom my choice would fall;
I do not more incline to one,
Than I incline to all.
The circles bounding line are they,
Its center is my heart:
My ready love, the equal ray
That flows to every part.

the Wanderer —

August 7th 1834

WINTER

P. Maverick, Durand & Co. sc.

——————— They fasten on the steed,
Prefs him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.

line 398.

if you

v

Let not thine heart be troubled
if you believe in God believe also in me
Amelia H Mills

Let it

It can

to particul
never exp
full an
hearts bea
kindly des
of life,

"Whom

Such m
with yo
my depa
blessed r
"in me
cherish
+ with
fondest r

"The heart like a tendril accustom'd to cling,
Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone,
But will lean to the nearest & loveliest thing
It can twine with itself & make closely its own,"

Our ordinary associations in life lead to partial acquaintance with thousands, whom we never expect, nor even desire to meet again, still amongst this multitude, how many whose hearts beat in unison with our own, Souls of Sympathy kindly design'd by Heaven to cheer the lonely walks of life, — Oh, yes there are Choice Spirits

"Whom we'd twine with ourselves & make closely our own,

Such my Friend has been my short acquaintance with you; & allow me to say that when I take my departure from the happy village which is cheered & blessed with your Society, I shall not leave you "in memory a Stranger," but ever delight to cherish the remembrance of your many virtues, & with the name of Amelia Hayden the fondest recollections of a Friend,

Yours Sincerely
You know who

earth had
been called
every livin
might in
of every var
his eye di
according t
he added:
of your Ma
short time
meek azu
saying: "Lord
truth, it
the first
flower dro
in the lo
over the m
mourning
or the eag
its lonelin
Me Not."

The Forget Me Not

When the heavens and the earth had been summoned into being, and man had been called to taste the joys and glories of celestial Eden, every living thing was brought unto Adam, that it might inherit from him a befitting name. And flowers of every varied hue were among the lovely objects that his eye did rest upon: and, as he named each of them according to its own peculiar form, or fragrance, or colour, he added: "Be mindful of the name by which the image of your Maker hath called you." And it was yet but a short time afterwards, that a plant, arrayed in the meek azure of the firmament, spoke unto Adam, saying: "Lord by what name didst thou call me? of a truth, it shameth me that I did unheed it." And the first man answered, saying: "Forget me Not." The flower drooped its head, and went and hid itself in the lonely shade beneath the bough that watched over the murmuring brook. And there it abideth mourning; and when the gentle hand of friendship or the eager finger of love, stoopeth to pluck it in its loneliness, it still doth softly whisper: "Forget Me Not."

Eliza

"Life's like an inn where travellers stay"
Some only break fast and away;
Others to dinner stay and are full fed —
The oldest only sup and go to bed;
Long is the bill who linger out the day,
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay

"On
You
But
Nie

"Cur
To de
Those
Of M

"Then
But
Calm
And

"Still
Gil
Still
But

Selected

"Onward in thy joyous way
Youth and hope around thee blooming
Bright is thy sun with his morning ray,
Rich is the prospect his beams are illuming.

"Onward, still onward, there are those who long
To see thee blest as earth can make thee,
Those who hope that the lovely throng
Of thy early charms may never forsake thee,

"Then go on in thy bright career
Blessing and Blest in the love of many,
Calm be thy age, as thy morn is clear
And the last day of life the sweetest of any.

"Still may the sunshine of inward peace
Gild every cloud that in time shall beset thee,
Still, shall thy number of friends increase
But one who has known thee will never forget thee".

J. Hunnell

On
Cal
Wan
Dra

L

A
Or o
Mad

"No
"Scour

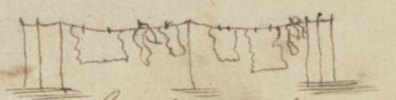
Noug
And,
Ask

Nov.

Lines for an Album.

Once on a time, a comely maiden
Call'd (just for rhyme) Amelia *****,
Wanted a dozen lines, or so,
Drawn out, on her portfolio:—

Lady! What sort of "lines"— like these?

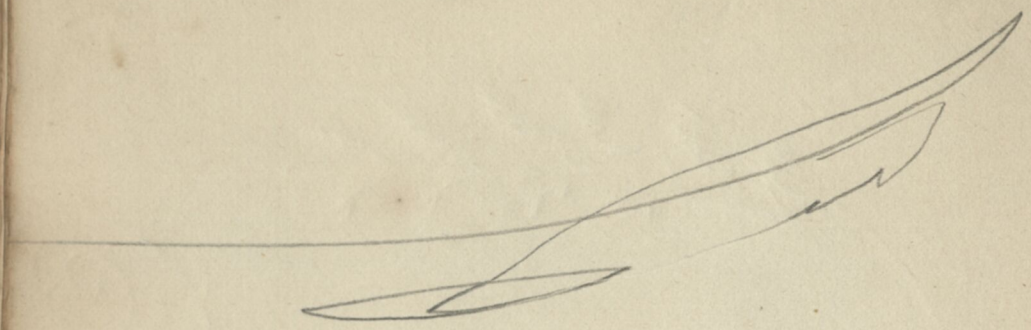


A swing, or Clothes-line, if you please?
Or other sort, like those below,
Made to accommodate a foe?

"No— no!"— I hear the quick reply—
"Scourges and halters here?— O, fie!"—
— Nay— let me counsel all young lasses—
Nought, sometimes, a good whip surpasses;—
And, halters— would you know their use,
Ask those who wear the marriage noose!

Peter Smink.

Nov. 1833.



To Amelia.

Thou art but in life's morning, and as yet
The world looks richly: its fruits and flowers
The fair and fragrant, and its beaming bowers
Seem hamed of happiness, before the set:
All lovely as a landscape freshly wet
With dew or bright with Sun shine after showers
Where pleasure dwells, and Horas magic power
Thou then to pluck joys peerless cannot.
Thus be it so. wouldst thou have it so,
Preserve thy present openess of heart,
Cherish those generous feelings which now start
At base dissimulation and that glow
Of native love for ties that home endear
And thou will find the world no vale of tears.

Edward Swift

o yet
ds flowery
ing bowers
et:
eet
e showers
ic. power
ot,
it to,

non-stant
low
decay
of tears,
Swift

G. McPower

On
Wh
As
In
But
By
Whe
Shall
How
My
And
My

To Amelia

Absent or present, still to thee,
My friend what magic spells belongs,
As all can tell, who share, like me,
In turn, thy converse, and thy song.
But when, the dreaded hour shall come,
By friendship ever deemed too nigh,
And memory, her Druid tomb,
Shall weep that aught of thee can die;
How fondly will she then repay,
My homage offered at your shrine,
And blendy, while ages roll away,
My name immortally with thine.

Your friend

Your know who

To Amelia.

(Selected.)

Thus far have thy days, on the white feathered wing
Of youth, thro' the regions of pleasure gone by,
Bland Hope, like the bright breathing zephyrs of Spring
Affording thee buoyance unwearied to fly:

Thy sunny have arisen, by clouds unobscured,
And shed on thy footsteps a mild beaming ray,
While beck'ning enjoyments still forward allur'd,
And scattered their blossoms to embellish thy way.

O, still may the prospects before thee be dress'd,
In colours enchantingly vary'd and bright;—
More gay than the landscape, when Sol in the west,
Diffuses o'er nature his mellowest light.

Should sorrow e'er dim with a tear thy bright eye
May it pass like the vapour, swift fleeting away
May thy cheeks with the rose still continue to vie,
And HEBE delight in thy dimples to play

By an Unfeign'd Friend
N. Breed

Nantucket.

Selected.)

ethereal wing
e gone by,
zephyrs of Spri
to fly:

bscured,
ning ray,
t allur'd,
llish thy way.

e dreat,
bright;—
Sol in the west,
ht.

ty bright eye
ting away
ntinue to vie.
s to play

my friend

To, Amelia

"Oh in thy peaceful path life,
May no rude thorn be found,
No Sorrow, trouble, care nor strife
Thy bosom peace to wound.
But may some kind Celestial guide
Insenible to Thee
By day, by night, on every side
Thy constant guardian be.

A proof of friendships sacred power,
In these few lines you see
And often in some lonely hour;
View them, and think of me."

Harriet. Cornell

"Oh Friendship! cordial of the human breast.
So little felt, so fervently professed!)
Thy blossoms deck our unsuspecting years;
The promise of delicious fruit appears;
We hug the hopes of constancy and truth,
Such is the folly of our dreaming youth;
But soon, alas! detect the rash mistake;
That sanguine inexperience loves to make;
And view with tears th' expected harvest lost,
Decayed by time, or withered by a frost."

H. C. C.....

Nantucket March 18th 1834.

Offer. a. Friend.

"There is an unse
Existing
Where tread
Unheard

When si
And see
He hears i
"A Power o

The Power
Till man
Till earth
That omnip

"There is an unseen Power around,
Existing in the silent air;
Where treadeth man, where space is found,
Unheard, unknown, that Power is there.

When sinks the pious Christian's soul,
And scenes of horror daunt his eye,
He hears it whispered through the air,
"A Power of mercy still is nigh."

— The Power that watches, guides, defends,
Till man becomes a lifeless sod,
Till earth is nought, — nought earthly friends, —
That omnipresent Power — is God."

H. W. B. — March 23rd 1838

6

3

6

3

1 The pe
2nd In a

The def
not al
error

1 The peculiar mode of using common words
2nd In a class of words he — unto themselves

The definition of Christian terms are
not absolute & unquestionable in the
error